

THE
RAPE
OF
LVCRECE.

By
Mr. William Shakespeare.

Newly Reuised.



LONDON.

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Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE
ART
OF
INVERSE


By
M. W. L. L.

Newly Revised



LONDON:
Printed by A. M. & J. B. L. L.
at the
... ..


TO THE RIGHT HONOV-
rable, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,
Earle of South-hampton, and
Baron of Tich-field.

 HE Loue I dedicate to
your Lordship is with-
out end : whereof this
Pamphlet without be-
ginning, is but a super-
fluous Moity. The war-
rant I haue of your Honourable diposi-
tion, not the worth of my vntutord lines
makes it assured of acceptance. VVhat I
haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is
yours, being part in all I haue deuoted
yours. VVere my worth gretaer: my du-
ty should shew greater: meane time, as
it is, it is bound to your Lordship;
To whom I wish long life still,
lenthened with all
happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duty,

VVilliam Shake-speare.

Shakespeare, W.

22351



The Argument



Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father in law Seruius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Romane lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other noble men of Rome to besiege Ardea; during which sieg, the principal men of the Army meeting one euening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the Kings sonne, in their discourses after supper, euery one commended the vertues of his own wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by their secret and sudden arrinal, to make triall of that which euery one had before auouched, only Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids, the other Ladies were all found dancing and renelling, or in severall disports. Whereupon the Noble men yielded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being
enflamed

The Argument.

enflamed with Lucreces beauty; yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe, from whence hee shortly after priuily with-drew himselfe, and was (according to his state) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her Chamber, violently rauisht her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers one to Rome for her father, another to the Camp for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Iunius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her reuenge, reuealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withall suddenly stabbed herselfe. Which done, with one consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter inuective against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moued with one consent, and a generall acclamation, that the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state gouernment changed from Kings to Consuls.



The Contents.

- 1 **L**U CRE CE praises for chaste, vertuous, & beautiful, enamoreth *Tarquin*.
- 2 *Tarquin* welcomed by *Lucrece*.
- 3 *Tarquin* ouerthrowes all disputing with wilfulnesse.
- 4 He puts his resolution in practise.
- 5 *Lucrece* awakes, and is amazed to be so surprised.
- 6 She pleads in defence of Chastity.
- 7 *Tarquin* all impatient, interrupteth her, and rauisheth her by force.
- 8 *Lucrece* complaines on her abuse.
- 9 She disputeth whether she should kill her selfe or no.
- 10 She is resolved on her selfe-murther, yet sendeth first for her Husband.
- 11 *Colatinius* with his friends returne home.
- 12 *Lucrece* relateth the mischiefe: they sweare renenge, and she to exasperate the matter, killeth her selfe.

THE

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

From the besieged *Ardea* all in post,
Borne by the the trustlesse wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed *Tarquin* leaues the *Roman* host,
And to *Colatium* beares the lightlesse fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lukes to aspire
And girdle with imbracing flames the waist,
Of *Colatines* faire loue, *Lucrece* the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste, vnhaply set,
This batelesse edge on his keene appetite:
When *Colatine* vnwisely did not let
To praise the cleere vnmatched red and white,
Which triumpht in that skie of his delight,
Where mortall star as bright as heauens beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before in *Tarquins* tent,
Vnlockt the treasure of his happy state:
What priselesse wealth the beaueus had him lent,
In the possession of his beateous mate.
Reckoning his fortune at so high a rate
That *Kings* might be espoused to more fame:
But *King* nor *Prince* to such a peerelesse dame.

O happinesse enioyd but of a few,
And if possesse, as soone decayde and done:
As if the mornings siluer melting dew,
Against the golden splendor of the *Sunne*,
A date expir'd: and canceld ere begun.
Honor and beauty in the owners armes,
Are weakly fortrest from a world of harmes.

The prai-
sing of
Lucrecia as
chast, ver-
tuous and
beautifull,
maketh
Tarquin
enamored.

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

Beauty it selfe, doth of it selfe perswade
The eyes of men without an Orator,
What needeth then *Apologies* be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is *Colatine* the publisher
Of that rich Jewell he should keepe vnknowne,
From the euish eares because it is his owne?

Perchance his boast of *LYCRECE* Sou'raignty,
Suggested this proud issue of a King:
For by our eares our hearts oft tainted be,
Perchance that enuy of so rich a thing
Brauing compare, disdainfully did sting
His high pitcht thoughts, that meaner men should
The golden hap which their superiors want. (vnt

But some vntimely thought did instigate,
His all too timelesse speede, if none of those,
His honor, his affaires, his friends, his state,
Neglected all; with swift intent he goes,
To quench the coale which in his liuer glowes.
O rash false beat, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts and n'ere growes old;

2

Tarquin
welcomed
by Lucrece

When at *Colatia* this false Lord arriued,
Well was he welcom'd by the *Romane* dame,
Within whose face beauty and vertue striued,
Which of them both should vnderprop her fame,
When vertue brag'd, beauty would blush for shame,
When beauty boasted blushes, in despight
Vertue would staine that o're with silver white.

But beauty in that white intituled,
From *Venus* doves doth challenge that faire field,
Then vertue claimes from beauty beauties red,
Which vertue gaue the golden age to guild
Their silver cheekes, and cald it then their shield,
Teaching

OF LYCRECE.

Teaching them thus to vse in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This *Herauldry* in *Lucrece* face was seen,
Argued by *beauties* red and *vertues* white,
Of either colour was the other *Queene*;
Prouing from *worlds* minority their right,
Yet their *ambition* makes them still to fight:
The *son's* raignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each others *seat*.

This silent *warre* of *Lillies* and of *Roses*,
Whic *Tarquin* viewd in her faire *faces* field,
In their pure *ranks* his *traytor* eye encloses,
Where least between them both it should be kild,
The coward *captiue* vanquished doth yeeld
To those two *armies* that would let him goe,
Rather then triumph in so false a *foe*.

Now thinks he that her *busbands* shallow tongue,
The *niggard* prodigall that praisde her so,
In that high taske hath done her *beauty* wrong,
Which farre exceeds his *barren* skill to show.
Therefore that *praise* which *Colatine* doth owe,
Inchanted *Tarquin* answers with surmise,
In silent *wonder* of still *gazing* eyes.

This earthly *Saint* adored by this *Diuell*;
Little suspecteth the *false* worshipper;
"For thoughts vnstain'd doe sildome dreame on
"Birds neuer limb'd, no secret *bushes* feare: (euil,
So guiltlesse she securely giues good cheare,
And reuerend *welcome* to her princely guest,
Whose *inward* ile no *outward* harme exprest.

For that he colourd with his high estate,
Hiding base *sunne* in pleats of *Maiesty*:
That nothing in him seemd *inordinate*,

Saue

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

Saue sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which hauing *all*, *all* could not latisfie;
But *poorely rich* so wanteth in his store,
That cloyd with *much*, he pineth still for more.

But she that neuer copte with *stranger eyes*,
Could pick no meaning from their *parling looks*,
Nor read the subtile *shining secrecies*
Writ in the glasse margents of such *bookes*,
She toucht no vnknowne *bait*, nor fear'd no *hookes*,
Nor could she moralize his wanton fight,
More then his *eyes* were open to the *light*.

He stories to her *eares* her *husbands* fame,
Wonne in the fields of fruitfull *Italy*:
And decks with praises *Colatines* high name,
Made glorious by his manly *chiuabry*,
With *bruised armes* and *wreaths of victory*,
Her *ioy* with heaued-up hand she doth expresse,
And wordlesse so greets *heauen* for his *success*.

Far from the purpose of his comming thither,
He makes *excuses* for his being there;
No cloudy *show* of stormy blustering wether
Doth yet in his faire *welkin* once appeare,
Till sable *night* sad source of dread and feare,
Vpon the *world* dim *darknesse* doth display,
And in her vaulty *prison* shuts the day.

For then is *Tarquin* brought vnto his *bed*,
Intending *wearinesse* with heauy *sprite*:
For after supper long he questioned
With modest *Lucrece*, and wore out the *night*:
Now *leaden slumber* with liues strength doth fight,
And euery one to rest themselues betake,
Saue *theeves*, and *cares*, and *troubled minds* that wake.

As one of which doth *Tarquin* lie reuoluing

The

OF LVCRECE.

The sundry dangers of his will obtaining :
Yet euer to obtaine his will resolving. (ning,
Though weake-built hopes perswade him to abstain,
Despaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaine,
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adiunct, ther's no death supposed.

Those that much conet are with gaine so fond,
That oft they haue not that which they possesse,
They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,
Or gaining more the profit of excesse
Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,
That they proue bankrupt in this poore rich gaine.

The ayme of all, is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in wayning ages;
And this ayme the e is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage :
As life for honor, in fell battailes rage,
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
The things we are, for that which we expect :
And this ambitious foule infirmity,
In hauing much, torments vs with defect
Of that we haue : so then we doe neglect
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honor to obtaine his lust :
And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no selfe-trust ?
When shall he thinke to finde a stranger iust,
When he himselfe himselfe confounds, betraies

To

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

To slanderous *tongues* wretched hatefull daies ?

Now stole vpon the *time* the dead of *night*,
When heauy sleep had closd vp mortall *eye*,
No comfortable *starre* did lend his light,
No noise but *Owles* and *Wolues* death boding cries :
Now serues the *season* that they may surprize

3 The silly *Lambs*, pure thoughts are dead and *still* :
While *lust* and *Murder* wakes to *staine* and *kill*.

Tarquin
disputing
the matter
at last re-
solves to
satisfie his
lust.

And now this lustfull *Lord* leapt from his *bed*,
Throwing his *wantle* rudely ore his *arme*,
Is madly tost between *desire* and *dread*;
Th'one sweetly flatters, th'other feareth harme,
But honest *feare*, bewicht with *lusts* foule charme,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brainicke rude *desire*.

His *Faubion* on a *flint* he softly smiteth,
That from the cold *stone* sparkes of *fire* doth flie,
Whereat a *waxen* torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be *lode-star* to his lustfull *eye*,
And to the *flame* thus speaks aduisedly;
As from this cold *flint* I enforst this *fire*,
So *Lucrece* must I force to my *desire*.

Here pale with *feare* he doth premeditate,
The *dangers* of his lothsome enterprise :
And in his inward *minde* he doth debate,
What following *sorrow* may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked *armour* of still slaughtered lust,
And iustly thus controls his *thoughts* vniust:

Faire *torch* burne out thy light, and lend it not,
To darken her whose *light* excelleth thine :
And die vnhalloved *thoughts* before you blot
With your *uncleannesse* that which is *diuine* :

Offer

OF LVCRECE.

Offer pure *incense* to so pure a *shrine*:
 Let faire *humanity* abhor the deed,
 That spots and stains loues modest snow-white
 (weed.

O shame to *knighthood*, and to shining *armes*,
 O foule *dishonour* to my honsholds *graves*:
 O impious *act* including all foule *harmes*,
 A marriall man to be soft *fancies* slaue,
 True *valour* still a true *respect* should haue:
 Then my digression is so vile, so base,
 That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yes though I die the *scandall* will suruiue,
 And be an *eye-sore* in my golden *coate*:
 Some loathsome *dash* the *Herald* will contriue,
 To cipher me how fondly I did dote:
 That my *posterity* sham'd with the note
 Shall curse my *bones*, and hold it for no sinne,
 To wish that I their *father* had not been.

What win I if I gaine the thing I seeke?
 A *dream*, a *breath*, a *froth* of *fleeting ioy*,
 Who buies a *minutes* mirth to waile a *weeke*?
 Or sells *eternity* to get a *toy*?
 For one sweet *grape* who will the *vine* destroy?
 Or what fond *beggar* but to touch the *crowne*,
 Would with the *scepter* straight be stricken down.

If *Colatinus* dreame of my intent,
 Will he not wake; and in a desperate rage
 Post hither this *vile purpose* to preuent?
 This *siege* that hath ingirt his marriage,
 This *blur* to *youth*, this *sorrow* to the *sage*,
 This *dying vertue*, this *suruining shame*,
 Whose *crime* will beare an *ever-during blame*.

O what excuse can my *innention* make
 When thou shalt charge me with so *blaake a deed*:
 Will

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

Will not my *tongue* be mute, my fraile *ioyns* shake?
 Mine *eies* forgoe their *light*, my false heart bleed?
 The *guilt* being great, the *fear* doth still exceed,
 And extreme *fear* can neither *fight* nor *flie*,
 But cowardlike with trembling *terror* die.

Had *Collatinus* kild my *sonne* or *fire*,
 Or laine in ambush to betray my *life*,
 Or were he not my deare *friend*, this desire
 Might haue excuse to worke vpon his *wife*,
 As in *revenge* or *quittall* of such *strife*:
 But as he is my *kinsman*, my deare friend,
 The *shame* and *fault* finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is, if once the *fact* be knowne,
 Hatefull it is: there is no hate in *louing*,
 Ile beg her *loue*: but she is not her *owne*:
 The worst is but *deniall*, and *reproving*.
 My *will* is strong, past *reasons* weake remouing.
 Who feares a *sentence* or an old mans *sawe*,
 Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe.

Thus (gracelesse) holds he *disputation*,
 Twene *frozen conscience* and hot *burning will*,
 And with good *thoughts* makes *dispensation*,
 Vrging the worser *sence* for vantage *still*.
 Which in a moment doth *confound* and *kill*.
 All pure *effects*, and doth so farre proceed,
 That what is vile, shewes like a *vertuous deed*.

Quoth he, she tooke me kindly by the *hand*,
 And gaz'd for *tidings* in my eager *eies*,
 Fea'ring some had *newes* from the warlike *band*
 Where her beloued *Colatinus* lies.
 O how her *fear* did make her *colour* rise?
 First red as *Roses* that on *Layne* we lay,
 Then white as *Layne* the *Roses* tooke away.

And

OF LVCRECE.

And now her *hand* in my *hand* being lockt,
Forst it to tremble with her loyall *feare* :
Which strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,
Vntill her *husbands* welfare she did heare,
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a *cheare*
That had *Narsissus* seen her as she stood,
Selfe-loue had neuer drown'd him in the *flood*.

Why hunt I then for *colour* or excuses?
All *Orators* are dumbe when *beauty* pleads,
Poore wretches haue remorse in poore abuses,
Loue thrives not in the *heart* that shadowes dreads,
Affection is my *Captaine* and he leades :

And when this gaudy banner is displaide,
The *coward* fights, and will not be dismaide.

Then childish *feare* auant, debating die,
Respect and *Reason* wait on wrinkled age:
My *heart* shall neuer countermand mine *eye*,
Sad *Pause* and deepe *Regard* beseems the sage,
My part is youth, and bears these from the stage,
Desire my pilot is, *Beauty* my prise,
Then who feares sinking where such *treasure* lies.

As *corne* ore-growne by *weeds*, so heedfull *feare*
Is almost cloakt by vnresisted *lust*,
Away he steales with open listning *care*,
Full of foule *hope* and full of fond *mistrust* :
Both which as seruitors to the *vnjust*
So crosse him with their opposit *perswasion*,
That now he vowes a league, and now *invasion*.

Within his thought her heavenly *image* sits,
And in the selfe same seat sits *Colatine*,
That eye which looks on her, confounds his *wit*,
That eye which him beholds, as more diuine
Vnto a *view* so false will not incline :

But

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

But with a pure *appeale* seeks to the *heart*,
Which once corrupted, takes the worser part.

And therein heartens vp his seruile powers,
Who flattered by their *leaders* iocund show,
Stuffe vp his *lust*, as minutes fill vp *bowres*.
And as their *Captaine* so their *pride* doth grow,
Paying more *slauish tribute* then they owe,
By reprobate *desire* thus madly led
The *Romane Lord* doth march to *Lucrece* bed.

The *lockes* betweene her *chamber* and his will,
Each one by him enforst, recites his *ward*,
But as they open, they all rate his *ill*,
Which driues the creeping *theefe* to some regard.
The *threshold* grates the *dore* to haue him heard.
Night-wandring *Weezels* threeke to see him there,
They fright him, yet he still pursues his *fear*.

As each vnwilling *portall* yeelds him way,
Through little *vents* and *crannies* of the place,
The *winde* wars with his *torch* to make him stay,
And blowes the *smoke* of it into his face,
Extinguishing his *conduct* in this case.
But his hot *heart*, which fond *desire* doth scorch,
Puffes forth another *winde* that fires the *torch*.

And being lighted by the *light* he spies,
Lucreciaes *gloue*, wherein he *needle* stickes,
He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies,
And griping it, the *needle* his finger pricks:
As who should say, this *gloue* to wanton *trickes*
Is nor iur'd, retorne againe in hast,
Thou seest our *Mistresse* ornaments are chaste.

But all these poore *forbiddings* could nor stay him,
He in the worst *sence* construes their *deniall*;
The *dore*, the *wind*, the *gloue* that did delay him,

He

OE LVCRECE.

He takes for *accidentall things of triall,*
Or as those *barres* which stop the *houerly diall,*
who with a *lingring stay* his *course* doth let,
Till every *minute* payes the *houre* his *debt.*

So, so, quoth he, these *lets* attend the *time,*
Like little *frosts* that sometime threat the *spring,*
To adde a more reioycing to the *prime,*
And giue the *sneaped birds* more cause to sing,
Paine payes the *income* of ech *precious thing,* (*sands,*
Huge *rocks,* high *winds,* strong *pirats,* *shelues,* and
The *merchant* feares, ere rich at *home* he lands.

Now is he come vnto the *chamber dore,*
That shuts him from the *heauen* of his *thought,*
Which with a yeelding *latch* and with no more,
Hath bard him from the blessed *thing* he sought.
So from himselfe *impiety* hath wrought
That for his *Prey* to pray he doth begin,
As if the *heauens* should countenance his *sinne.*

But in the midst of his vnfruitfull prayer,
Hauing solicited th' *eternall power,*
That his foule *thoughts* might compasse his fair *faire,*
And they would stand auspicious to the *houre,*
Euen there he starts, quoth he, I must defloure :
The *powers* to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then *loue* and *fortune* be my *Gods,* my *guide,*
My *will* is backt with *resolution :*
Thoughts are but *dreames* till their *effects* be tried,
Blacke *sinne* is cleard with *absolution,*
Against *loues* fire, *feares* frost hath *dissolution.*
The *eye* of *heauen* is out, and misty *night*
Couples the shame that followes sweet *delight.*

This said, his guilty hand pluckt vp the latch,

B

And

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The *Dore* sleeps fast that this *night-owle* will catch,
Thus treason works ere *traitors* be espied:
Who sees the lurking *serpent* steps aside;
But the sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortall *sting*.

Into the *chamber* wickedly he stalkes,
And gazeth on her yet unstained *bed*:
The *curtaines* being close, about he walkes,
Rouling his greedy *eye-balls* in his head,
By their high treason is his *heart* misled.
Which giues the *watch*, word to his *band* too soone,
To draw the *clonde* that hides the siluer *Moone*.

Looke as the faire and fiery pointed *Sunne*,
Rushing from foorth a *cloud*, bereaues our *sight*:
Euen to the *curtaine* drawne his eyes begun
To winke, being blinded, with a greater *light*.
Whether it is that she reflects so bright
That dazeleth them, or else some *shame* supposed,
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclosed,

O had they in that darksome *prison* died,
Then had they seen the *period* of their ill;
Then *Colatine* againe by *Lucrece* side,
In his cleere *bed* might haue reposed still:
But they must ope this blessed league to kill:
And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their sight,
Must sell her *ioy*, her *life*, her *worlds delight*.

Her lilly *hand* her *rosie* cheekes lies vnder,
Coosening the *pillow* of a lawfull kisse.
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his blisse,
Between whose hils her bead intombed is.
Where like a vertuous *monument* she lies

OE LVCRECE.

To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eies.

Without the *bed* hir other faire *hand* was,
On the green *couerlet*, whose perfect *white*
Showed like an *Aprill dazie* on the *grasse*,
With pearly sweet, resembling dewe of *night*.
Her *eies* like *Marigolds* had sheathed their light,
And canopied in *darknesse* sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the *day*.

Her *haire* like golden *threeds* plaid with her *breath*,
O modest *wantons*, wanton *modesty*!
Showring *life* triumph in the *map* of *death*,
And *deaths* dim looke in *liues* mortality.
Each in her sleepe themselves so beautifie,
As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,
But that life liu'd in *death*, and death in *life*.

Her *breasts* like *iuory globes* cirdled with *blen*,
A praire of *maiden worlds* vnconquered:
Saue of their *Lord* no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by *oath* they truly honoured.
These *worlds* in *Tarquin* new ambition bred.
Who like a foule *usurper* went about,
From this faire *throne* to haue the owner out.

What could he see but mightly he *noted*?
What did he *note*, but *strongly* he *desired*?
What he *beheld*, on that he firmly *doted*,
And in his *will* his wilfull *eye* he *tired*.
With more then *admiration* he admired
Her azure *vaines* her *alabaster* skinne,
Her *corall lips*, her *snow white* dimpled chin.

As the grim *Lion* fauneth ore his *pray*,
Sharpe hunger by the *conquest* satisfied:
So ore this sleeping *soule* doth *Tarquin* stay,
His rage of *lust* by gazing qualified.

THE RAPE

Slackt, not suppress, for standing by her side,
His eye which late this *mutiny* restraines,
Vnto a greater *uprore* tempts his vaines.

And they ike stragling *slaves* for pillage fighting,
Obdurate *vassals* fell exploits effecting :
In bloudy death and *rauisment* delighting,
Nor *childrens* teares nor *mothers* grones respecting,
Swell in their *pride*, the onset still expecting.
Anon his beating *heart* alarum striking,
Giues the hot *charge* and bids them do their liking.

His *drumming* heart cheares vp his *burning* eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand :
His *hand* as proud of such a *dignity*,
Smoking with *pride*, marcht on to make his *stand*
On her bare *breasts*, the heart of all her land,
Whose ranks of blew *vaines* as his hand did scale,
Left their round *turrets* destitute and pale.

They mustring to the quiet *Cabinet*,
Where their deare *gouvernesse* and *Lady* lies,
Do tell her shee is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their *cries*.
She much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp *eyes* :
Who peeping forth this *tumult* to behold,
Are by his flaming *torch* dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of *night*,
From forth dull *sleepe* by dreadfull *fancy* waking,
That thinks shee hath beheld some gasty *sprite*,
Whose grim *aspect* sets euery *ioynt* a shaking,
What terrour t'is: but she in worser taking,
From *sleepe* distrustd, heedfully doth view,
The *sight* which makes supposed *terror* rue.

5
Lucretia
wakes a-
mazed &
confoun-
ded to be
so surpri-
sed.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand *fears*,
Like to a new-kild *bird* she trembling lies :

She

OF LVCRECE.

She dares not looke, yet winking there appeares
 Quicke shifting *Antiques* vgly in her eyes,
 Such *shadowes* are the weake braines *forgeries*,
 Who angry that the eyes flie from their lights,
 In darknes daunts them with more dreadfull sights.

His hand that yet remains vpon her brest,
 (Rude *Ram* to batter such an *Iuory* wall :)
 May feele heart (poore *Citizen*) distrest,
 Wounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall:
 Beating her *Bulke*, that his *hand* shakes withall.
 This moues in him more rage, and lesser pittie,
 To make the *breach*, and enter this sweet *Citty*.

First like a *trumpet* doth his *tongue* begin
 To sound a *parley* to his hartlesse foe,
 Who ore the white *sheet* peeres her whiter *skin*,
 The reason of this rash *alarme* to know,
 Which he by dumbe demeanor seeks to show:
 But she with vehement *prayers* vrgeth still,
 Vnder what *colour* he commits this ill.

Thus he replies, the *colour* in thy face,
 That euen for *anger* makes the *Lilly* pale,
 And the the red *Rose* blush at her owne disgrace,
 Shall plead for me, and tell my louing tale.
 Vnder that *colour* am I come to scale
 Thy neuer conquered *Fort*, the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I forestall thee: if thou meane to chide,
 Thy *beauty* hath insnar'd thee to this *night*,
 Where thou with *patience* must my *will* abide,
 My *will* that marks thee for my *earths* delight,
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might.
 But as *reprooffe* and *reason* beat it dead,
 By thy bright *beauty* it was newly bred.

THE RAPE

I see what *crosses* my attempts will bring,
 I know what *thornes* the growing *Rose* defends,
 I thinke the *bony* garded with a *sting*,
 All this before hand counsell comprehends.
 But *will* is deafe, and heares no heedfull friends.
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on *beauty*,
 And dotes on what he lookes, against *law* or *duty*.

I haue debated euen in my *soule*,
 What *wrong*, what *shame*, what *sorrow* I shall breed,
 But nothing can affections *course* controule
 Or stop the headlong fury of his *speed*,
 I know *repentant* teares insue the deed.
 Reproch, *disdoine*, and deadly *enmity*,
 Yet strue I to imbrace mine *infamy*.

This said, he shakes aloft his *Romane* blade,
 Which like a *Faulcon* rowring in the *skies*,
 Couchet the *foyle* below with his *wings* shade,
 Whose crooked *beake* threats, if he mount he dies.
 So vnder his insulting *Fonchion* lies
 Harmlesse *Lucretia*, marking what he tels;
 With trembling *fear*, as *foyle* heare *Faulcons* bels.

Laerce, quoth he, this *night* I must enioy thee;
 If thou deny, then force must work my way:
 For in thy *bed* I purpose to destroy thee.
 That done, some worthlesse *slave* of thine ile slay,
 To kill thine *honor* with thy *liues* decay.
 And in thy dead *armes* doe I meane to place him,
 Swearing I flew him seeing thee imbrace him.

So thy suruiuing *husband* shall remaine,
 The scornefull *marke* of euery open eye,
 The kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy *issue* blurd with namelesse *bastardy*:
 And thou the *Author* of their *obloquy*.

Shall

OF LVCRECE.

Shall haue thy trespass cited vp in rimes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret friend,
The fault vnknowne is a thought *vnacted*,
A little harme done to a great good end,
For lawfull *policy* remaines enacted.
The poisonous *simple* sometimes is compacted .
In purest compounds; being so applied,
His *venome* in effect is purified.

Then for thy *husband* and thy *childrens* sake,
Tender my *suit*, bequeath not to their lot
The *shame* that from them no deuiice can take,
The *blemish* that will neuer be forgot:
Worse then a *slauish* wipe, or *birth-houres* blot:
For markes descried in mens natiuity,
Are *Natures* faults, not their owne infamy.

Here with a *Cacka* trice dead killing eye,
He rowseth vp himselfe, and makes a pause,
While she the *picture* of pure piety,
Like a white *Hinde* beneath the *gripes* sharpe clawes,
Pleads in a *wildernesse* where no lawes.
To the rough *beast*, that knowes no gentle right,
Nor ought obeyes but his foule appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the *world* doth threat,
In his dim *mist* the aspiring mountaine hiding,
From earths darke *wombe* some gentle *gust* doth get,
Which blow these pitchy *vapours* from their bidding.
Hindring their present *fall* by this diuiding.
So his vnhalloved *haste* her words delaies,
And moody *Pluto* winkes while *Orpheus* plaies

Yet foule night waking *Cat* he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weake *monse* pantera.
Her sad behauiour feeds his vulture *folly*.

THE RAPE

A swallowing gulfe that euen in plenty wanteth.
His eare her *praiers* admits, but his *heart* granteth
No penetrable entrance to her *plaining*, (ning.
Teares harden *lust*, though *marble* weares with ray-

Her pitty-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorselesse *wrinkles* of his face:
Her modest *eloquence* with *sighes* is mixed,
Which to her *Oratory* ads more grace.
She puts the *period* often from his place,
And midst the *sentence* so her *accent* breakes,
That *twice* she doth begin ere *once* she speaks,

6 She coniures him by high *Almighty* Ioue,
Lucrece By *Knighthood*, *Gentry*, and *sweet friendships* oath,
pleadeth By her *untimely* *teares*, her *husbands* loue,
indefence By *holy humane* law, and *common* troth,
of chastity, and ex- By *heauen* and *earth*, and all the *power* of both,
probateth That to his borrowed *bed* he make retire,
his vnciuall And stoope to *Honor*, not to foule desire,
lust.

Quoth she, reward not *Hospitality*
With such *blacke* *paiment* as thou hast pretended,
Mudde not the *fountaine* that gaue *drinke* to thee,
Marre not the *thing* that cannot be amended:
End thy ill *ayme*, before thy *shoot* be ended.
He is no *wood-man* that doth bend his *bow*
To strike a poore vnseasonable *Doe*.

My *husband* is thy *friend*, for his sake spare me,
Thy selfe art mighty, for thine owne sake leaue me,
My selfe a *weakeling*, doe not then insnare me.
Thou look'st not like *deceit*, doe not deceiue mee.
My *sighes* like *whirlwinds* labor hence to heaue thee:
If euer man was mou'd with *womans* mones,
Be moued with my *teares*, my *sighes*, my *groanes*.

All which together like a troubled *Ocean*,

Beat

OF LVCRECE.

Beat at thy rocky, and wrack-threatning heart,
To soften it with their continuall motion:
For stones dissolu'd, to water doe conuert.
O if no harder then a stone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,
Soft pittie enters at an yron gate.

In Tarquins likenesse I did entertaine thee,
Hast thou put on his shape to doe him shame?
To all the hoste of heauen I complaine mee.
Thou wrongst his Honor, woundst his princely name,
Thou art not what thou seemst, and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King,
For Kings like Gods should gouerne euery thing.

How will thy shame be feeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou darst do such outrage.
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a King?
O be remembred, no outragious thing
From vassall actors can be wipt away
Then Kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed shall make thee only lou'd for feare,
But happy Monarchs still are feard for loue:
With foule offenders thou perforce must beare,
When they in thee the like offences proue:
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.
For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
Where subiects eies doe learn, doe read, doe looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discerne
Authority for sinne, warrant for blame?
To priuiledge dishonour in thy name.
Thou back'st reproch against long liuing laud,
And makst faire Reputation but a baud.

Hast

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

Hast thou commanded? by him that gaue it thee
 From a pure *heart* commanded thy rebell *will* :
 Draw not thy *sword* to gard *iniquity*,
 For it was lent thee all that *brood* to kill,
 Thy princely *office* how canst thou fulfill
 When pattern'd by thy *fault*, foule *sinne* may say,
 He leard to *sinne*, and thou didst teach the way?

Thinke but how vile a *spectacle* it were,
 To view thy present *trespasse* in another :
 Mens *faults* doe sildome to themselues appeare,
 Their owne transgressions partially they smother :
 This *guilt* would seem death-worthy in thy *brother*.
 O how are they wrapt in with *infamies*,
 That from their owne *misdeeds* askaunce their eies

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp *hands* appeale,
 Not to seducing *lust* thy rash reply :
 I sue for exild *maiesties* repeale,
 Let him returne and flattering *thoughts* retire.
 His true *respect* will prison false *desire*,
 And wipe the dim *mist* from thy dotting *eies*,
 That thou shalt see thy *state* and pittie *mine*.

7
Tarquin

all impati- Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled *tide*
 ent inter- I turnes not, but swels the higher by this let,
 rupts her Small *lights* are soone blowne out, huge *fires* abide,
 & denied And with the *winde* in greater fury fret :
 of content The pretty *streames* that pay a dayly *debt*
 breaketh To their salt *soueraigne* with their fresh fals hast,
 the enclo- Adde to this *flame* but alter not the *taste*
 sure of her
 chastity by Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a *soueraigne King*,
 by force. And loe, there fals into thy boundlesse *flood*,
 Blacke *lust*, *dishonour*, *shame*, *misgouerning*.
 Who seeke to staine the Ocean of thy *bloud*.
 If all these petty ils shall change thy good,

OF LVCRECE.

Thy *sea* within a *puddle* wombe is berfed,
And not the *puddle* in thy *sea* disperfed.

So fhall thefe *flaves* be *King*, and thou their *flave* :
Thou *nobly* *bafe*, they *bafely* *dignified* :
Thou their *faire* *life*, and they thy *fouler* *grau* :
Thou lothed in their *fhame*, they in thy *pride*,
The *leffer* *thing* fhould not the *greater* *hide*.
The *Cedar* ftoops not to the *bafe* *fhru*s *foote*,
But low *fhru*s *wither* at the *Cedar*s *root*.

So let thy *thoughts* low *vaffals* to thy *ftate*,
No more, quoth he, by heauen I will not heare thee:
Yeeld to my *loue*, if not, enforced *bate*
In ftead of *lowes* coy *touch* fhall rudely teare thee :
That done, defpighfully I meane to beare thee
Vnto the *bafe* bed of fome *rascall* *groom*,
To be thy *partner* in this *fhamefull* *doome*.

This faid, he fets his foot vpon the *light*,
For *light* and *luft* are deadly enemies :
Shame folded vp in *blind* concealing *night*,
When moft vnfeen, then moft doth tyrannize.
The *Wolfe* hath feized his *Prey*, the poor *Lambe* cries
Till with her owne white *fleece* her *voice* controld,
Intombs her outcry in her lips *sweet* fold.

For with the mighty *linnen* that fhe weares,
He pens her piteous clamors in her *head*,
Cooling his hot *face* in the chafteft *teares*,
That euer modest *eies* with sorrow fhed.
O that foule *luft* fhould ftaine fo pure a *bed* :
The *fpots* whereof could weeping purifie,
Her *teares* fhould drop on them perpetually.

But fhe hath loft a dearer thing then life,
And he hath won what he wou'd loofe againe :
This forced league doth force a further strife,

This

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

This momentary *joy* breeds moneths of *paine*,
This *hot desire* conuerts to *cold disdain* :
Pure *chastity* is rifled of her store,
And *lust*, the theefe, far poorer then before:

Looke as the ful-fed *Hound* or gorged *Hawke*,
Vnapt for tender *smell* or speedy *flight*,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether bauke
The *prey* wherein by nature they delight :
So surfet-taking *Tarquin* feares this night.
His taste delicious, in digestion sowing,
Deuoures his *will*, that liu'd by foule deuouring.

O deeper sinne then bottomlesse *conceits*
Can comprehend in still imagination !
Drunken *desire* must vomit his *receit*,
Ere he can see his owne abomination.
While *lust* is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, of reine his rash desire,
Till like a Iade, selfe-will himselfe doth tire.

And then with lanke and leane discolour'd cheeke,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthlesse pace,
Feeble *desire* all recreant, poore and meeke,
Like to a bankerout begger wailes his case:
The flesh being proud, *desire* doth fight with grace :
For there it reuels, and when that decaies,
The guilty *rebel* for remission praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;
For, now against himselfe he sounds this doome.
That through the length of *times* he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soules faire temple is defaced :
To whose weake *ruines* muster troopes of *cares*,
To aske the spotted *Princessse* how she fares.

She saies her *subiects* with foule insurrection,

Haue

OF LVCRECE.

Haue battred downe her consecrated wall,
And by their mortall *fault* brought in subiection
Her *immortality*, and made her thrall
To *liuing death* and paine *perpetuall*.

Which in her *prescience* she controled still,
But her *foresight* could not forestall their will.

(leth,

Euen in this *thought* through the darke *night* he stea-
A *captiue victor* that hath *lost* in *gaine*:

Bearing away the *wound* that nothing healeth,
The scar that will despight of *Cure* remaine;
Leauing his *spoile* perplext in greater paine.
She beares the load of *lust* he left behinde,
And he the *burthen* of a guilty minde.

He like a theeuish *dog* creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied *Lambe* lies panting there:
He scowles and hates himselfe for his offence,
She desperate, with her *nailes*, her *flesh* doth teare,
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty feare;
She staies exclaiming on the direfull night;
He runs and chides his vanisht loth'd delight:

He thence departs a heavy *conuertite*,
She there remaines a hopelesse *cast-away*:
He in his speed lookes for the morning light:
She prays she neuer may behold the *day*,
For *day*, quoth she, *night* scapes doth open lay:
And my true eies haue neuer practizd how,
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They thinke not but that euery *eye* can see,
The same *disgrace* which they themselues behold:
And therefore would they still in darknesse lie,
To haue their vnseen sinne remaine vtold:
For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,
And graue, like water that doth eate in steele,
Vpon my cheeks what helplesse shame I feele.

Here

THE RAPE

8 Here she exclames against *repose* and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind:
Lucrece She wakes her *heart* by beating on her *breast*,
 thus abu- And bids it leape from thence where it may finde
 sed com- Some purer *cheft*, to close so pure a minde.
 plaines on Franticke with grieve thus breaths she forth her
 her misery Against the vnseen secrecy of *night*. (spight,

O comfort-killing *night*, image of Hell,
 Dim register, and *notary* of shame,
 Blacke stage for tragedies and *murthers* fell,
 Vast sinne concealing *Chaos*, nurse of blame,
 Blind muffled *bawde*, darke harbor of *defame*,
 Grim caue of *death*, whispring conspirator
 With close tongu'd *treason*, and the *rauisher*.

O hatefull, vapours and foggy *night*,
 Since thou art guilty of my curelesse crimes:
 Muster thy *mysts* to meet the Easterne *light*,
 Make war against proportion'd course of *times*
 Or if thou wilt permit the *Sunne* to clime
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
 Knit poysonous clouds about his golded head.

With rotten *damps* rauish the *morning* ayre,
 Let their exha'd vnholosome breaths make sicke
 The life of *purity*, the *supreme* faire,
 Ere he ariue his weary noon-tide pricke,
 And let thy mysty vapors march so thicke,
 That in their smoaky *rankes* his smothered *light*
 May set at *noone* and make perpetuall *night*.

Were *Tarquin* night as he is but *nights* child,
 The siluer shining Queen he would disdain,
 Her twinckling handmaids to (by him defild)
 Through *nights* blacke bosome should not peep again,
 So should I haue *copartners* in my paine.

And

OF LVCRECE.

And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As *Palmer*s that makers short their *Pilgrimage*.

Where now I haue no one to blush with me,
To crosse their *armes* and hang their *heads* with mine,
To maske their browes and hide their *infamy*,
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with *showers* of siluer brine,
Mingling my talke with *teares*, my grief with *groans*
Poore wasting *monuments* of lasting *moues*.

O night thou *furnace* of foule reeking smoke,
Let not the iealous day behold that face
Which vnderneath thy blacke all-hiding cloke
Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace.
Keepe still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy *shade*.

Make me not obiect to the tel-tale day,
The light shall shew charactred in my brow,
The *story* of sweet *chastities* decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlockes vow.
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,
Will quote my lothsome trespasse in my looks.

The *nurse* to still her *child* will tell my *story*,
And fright her crying *babe* with *Tarquins* name:
The *Orator* to decke his oratory,
Will couple my reproch to *Tarquins* shame,
Feast finding minstrels tuning my defame
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How *Tarquin* wronged me, I *Colatine*.

Let my *good name*, that sencelesse reputation,
For *Colatines* deare loue be kept vnspotted:
If that be made a *theame* for *disputation*,

The

THE RAPE

The *branches* of another *root* are roited,
And vnderu'd *reproch* to him allotted,
That is a cleare from this attaint of mine,
As I ere this, was pure to *Colatine*.

O vnscene *shame*, inuisible disgrace!
O vnfelt *sore*, crest-wounding priuate *scarres*;
Reproch is stamp't in *Collatinus* face,
And *Tarquins eye* may read the *mot* a far,
How he in *peace* is wounded not in *war*.
Alas how many beare such shamefull *blawes*,
Which not themselues but hee that giues them
(knowes?)

If *Colatine* thine honor lay in me,
From me by strong *assault* it is bereft:
My *hony* lost, and I a *Drone*-like bee,
Haue no perfection of my sommer left,
But robd and ransackt by iniurious *theft*.
In thy weake *hine* a wandring *waspe* hath crept,
And suckt the *hony* which thy chaste *Bee* kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy *honors* wracke;
Yet for thy *honor* did I entertaine him;
Comming from thee, I could not put him backe:
For it had been dishonor to disdain him,
Besides, of *wearinesse* he did complaine him,
And talke of *vertue* (O vnlookt for euill)
When *vertue* is prophan'd in such a *Diuell*.

Why should the worrne intrude the maiden bud?
Or hatefull *Cuckowes* hatch in *Sparrowes* nests?
Or *Todes* infect faire founts with *venum* mud?
Or Tyrant *Folly* lurke in gentle breasts?
Or *Kings* be breakers of their owne *behests*?
But no *perfection* is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers vp his gold,

OF LVCRECE.

Is plag'd with *cramps*, and *gouts*, and *painfull fits*,
And scarce hath *eies* his *treasure* to behold,
But like still pining *Tantalus* he sits,
And vfelesse bannes the hauest of his *wits*:
Hauing no other pleasure of his *gaine*,
But *torment* that it cannot cure his *paine*.

So then, he hath it when he cannot vse it,
And leaues it to be *maſtred* by his *yong*,
Who in their *pride* doe presently abuse it:
Their *father* was too weake, and they too *strong*,
To holde their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The *sweets* we wish for turne to loathed *soures*,
Euen in the *moment* that we call them *ours*,

Vnruly blasts wait on the tender *spring*,
Vnholsome *weeds* take root with precious *flowres*:
The *Adder* hisleth where the sweet *birds* sing:
What *vertue* breeds, *iniquity* deuours:
Wee haue no *good* that we can say is *ours*:
But ill-annexed *Opportunity*,
Or kils his *life*, or els his *quality*.

O *Opportunity* thy *guilt* is great,
Tis thou that execut'st the *traitors* *treason*:
Thou sets the *Wolfe* where he the *Lambe* may get:
Who euer plots the *sinne*, thou points the *season*.
Tis thou that spurnst at *right*, at *law*, at *reason*.
And in thy shady *Cell* where none may spie her,
Sits *Sinne* to seaze the *soules* that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the *Vestall* violate her oath:
Thou blowest the *fire* when *Temperance* is thawd,
Thou smotherest *honesty*, thou murtherst *truth*:
Thou fowle *abbettor*, thou notorious *band*:
Thou plantest *scandall*, and displacest *land*.
Thou *rauisher*, thou *traitor*, thou *false theefe*,
Thy *hony* turnes to gall, thy *ioy*, to *griefe*.

Shakespeare, W.

22351

C

Thy

THE RAPE

Thy *secret pleasure* turnes to open *shame*;
Thy *private feasting* to a *publike fast*;
Thy *smothering titles* to a *ragged name*;
Thy *sugred tongue* to *bitter wormwood taste*;
Thy *violent vanities* can neuer last.
How comes it then, vile *opportunity*
Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble *suppliants*-friend,
And bring him where his *suit* may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an *houre* great *strifes* to end?
Or free that *soule* which *wretchednes* hath chained?
Giue *physicke* to the *sicke*, ease to the *pained*?
The *poore*, *lame*, *blinde*, *halt*, *creep*, cry out for thee;
But they nere met with *opportunity*.

The *Patient* dies while the *Physitian* sleepes;
The *Orphan* pines while the *Oppressor* feeds;
Iustice is feasting while the *widow* weepes;
Aduise is sporting while *infection* breeds,
Thou grant'st no time for *charitable* deeds,
Wrath, *envy*, *treason*, *rape*, and *murther* rages,
Thy *hainous houres* wait on them as their *pages*.

When *Trueth* and *Virtue* haue to doe with thee,
A thousand *crosses* keep them from thy *aid*;
They buy thy *helpe*, but *Sinne* nere giues a fee
He *gratis* comes, and thou art well apaid
As well to *heare*, as *grant* what he hath said.
My *Colatine* would else haue come to me:
When *Tarquin* did, but he was staied by thee.

Guilty thou art of *murther* and of *theft*,
Guilty of *periury* and *subornation*,
Guilty of *treason*, *forgery* and *shift*,
Guilty of *incest* that *abomination*,
An *accessary* by thine *inclination*

OE LVCRECE.

To all *sinnes past*, and all that are to come,
From the *creation* to the generall *doome*.

Mishapen *time*, copesmate of vgly *night*,
Swift subtile *post*, carrier of grisly *care*,
Eater of *youth*, false *slawe* to false delight,
Base *watch* of *woes*, *sins* packe-horse, vertues *snare*;
Thou nurdest all, and murderest all that are :
O heare me then, iniurious shifting *time*,
Be guilty of my *death*, since of my *crime*.

Why hath thy seruant *Opportunity*
Betrai'd the *bowes* thou gau'st me to repose?
Cancel'd my *fortunes* and inchained me
To endlessse date of neuer-ending *woes*?
Times office is to fine the hate of *foes*,
To eate vp *error* by *opinion* bred,
Not spend the *dowry* of a lawfull bed.

Times glory is to calme contending *Kings*,
To vnmaske *falsehood*, and bring truth to light,
To stampe the scale of *time* in aged things,
To wake the *morne* and *centinell* the night,
To wrong the *wronger* till he render right,
To ruinate *proud* buildings with thy *bowes*
And smear with *dust* their glittering golden *towres*

To fill with *worme-holes* stately *monuments*,
To feede *obliuion* with decay of things,
To blot old *bookes*, and alrer their contents,
To plucke the *quils* from ancient *Rauens* wings.
To dry the old *oakes* sap, and cherish *springs*.
To spoile *antiquities* of hammered *steele*,
And turne the giddy round of *Fortunes* wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the *child* a man, the man a child,
To slay the *Tygre* that doth liue by slaughter.

THE RAPE

To tame the *Vnicorne* and *Lyon* wild,
To mocke the *subtile* in themselves beguild,
To cheare the *Plowman* with increasfull crops,
And waste huge *stones* with little *water drops*,

Why workst thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Vnlesse thou couldst returne to make amends?
One poore retyring *minute* in an age,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him *wit* that to bad dettors lends, (backe
O this dread *night*, wouldst thou one houre come.
I could preuent this *storme* and shun this wracke.

Thou ceaselesse lackie to *Eternity*,
With some mischance crosse *Tarquin* in his flight,
Deuise *extreames* beyond extremity
To make him curse this cursed crimefull *night*:
Let gasty *shadowes* his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire *thought* of his committed euill,
Shape euery *bush* a hideous shapelesse *Diuell*,

Disturbe his *bowres* of rest with restless *trances*,
Afflict him in his *bed* with bedred *granes*:
Let there bechance him pitifull *mischances*,
To make him mone, but pittie not his *mones*:
Stone him with hardned *harts* harder then stone,
And let mild *women* to him loose their *mildnesse*,
Wilder to him then *Tygers* in their *wildnesse*.

Let him haue *time* to teare his curled haire,
Let him haue *time* against himselfe to raue,
Let him haue *time* of times helpe to despaire,
Let him haue *time* to liue a loathed *slawe*,
Let him haue *time* a beggers *orts* to craue:
And time to see one that by *almes* do liue,
Disdaine to him disdained *scraps* to giue.

Let him haue *time* to see his friends his foes,

And

OF LVCRECE.

And merry *fooles* to mocke at him resort:
Let him haue time to marke how slow *time* goes
In time of *sorrow*, and how swift and short
His time of *folly*, and his time of *sport*.

And euer let his vnrecalling *time*,
Haue time to waile th'abusing of his time.

O time thou ~~tutor~~ both to good and *bad*,
Teach me to curse him that thou taughts this *ill*,
At his owne *shadow* let the *theefe* run mad,
Himselfe, himselfe seeke euery houre to kill,
Such wretched *hands* such wretched *bloud* should
For who so base would such an *office* haue, (spill.
As slanderous *death's-man* to so base a slave?

The baser is he, comming from a *King*,
To shame his *hope* with *deeds* degenerate,
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him *honour'd* or begets him *hate*:
For greatest *scandall* waits on greatest *state*.
The *Moone* being clouded presently is mist,
But little *Starres* may hide them when they list.

The *Crow* may bathe his cole-black *wings* in mire,
And vnperceiu'd flye with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white *Swan* desire,
The staine vpon his siluer *Downe* will stay,
Poore *groomes* are sightles *night*, *Kings* glorious day,
Gnats are vnnoted wheresoeer they flye,
But *Eagles* gaz'd vpon with euery eye.

Our idle *words*, seruants to shallow *fooles*:
Vnprofitable *sounds*, weake *arbitrators*,
Busie your selues in skil-contending *schools*,
Debate where leasure serues with dull debators:
To trembling *Clyents* be you mediators,
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my *case* is past helpe of *law*.

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

In vaine I raile at *Opportunity*,
 At *Time*, at *Tarquin*, and vnsearchfull *night* :
 In vaine I cauill with mine *infamy*,
 In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd *despight* :
 This helpelesse *smoke* of words doth me no right;
 The remedy indeed to do me good,
 Is to let forth my foule defiled *blood*.

Poore *hand*, why quiuerest thou at this *decree*?
 Honor thy selfe to rid me of this *shame*,
 For if I die, my *Honor* liues in thee,
 But if I liue, thou liu'st in my *defame*;
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall *Dame*,
 And wast affeard to scratch her wicked *Foe*,
 Kill both thy selfe and her for yeelding so.

This said, from her betumbled *scuch* she starts,
 To finde some desperate instrument of death,
 But this no *slaughter-house*, no toole imparts,
 To make more vent for passage of her *breath*,
 Which thrunging through her *lips* so vanisheth
 As *smoke* from *Ætna*, that in *aire* consumes,
 Or that which from discharged *Canon* fumes.

In vaine (quoth she) I liue, and seeke in vaine
 Some happy *meane* to end a haplesse life :
 I fear'd by *Tarquins Fauchion* to be slaine,
 Yet for the selfe-same purpose seeke a *knife* :
 But when I feard, I was a loyall wife;
 So am I now: O no that cannot be,
 Of that true *type* hath *Tarquin* rifled me.

That is gone, for which I sought to liue,
 And therefore now I need not feare to die,
 To cleare this *spot* by *death* (at least) I giue
 A badge of fame to slaunders *liuery*,
 A dying life to liuing *infamy*,

Poore

OF LVCRECE.

Poore helpless *helps* the *treasure* stolne away,
To burne the guiltlesse *casket* where it lay,

Well well deare *Colatine* thou shalt not know
The stained tast of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed *oath*
This bastard *grasse* shall neuer come to growth,
He shall not beaſt who did thy *ſtocke* pollute,
That thou art doting *father* of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret *thought*,
Nor laugh with his *companions* at thy *ſtate*,
But thou shalt know thy *interest* was not bought
Baſely with *gold*, but stolne from forth thy *gate*,
For me I am the *miſtreſſe* of my *fate*
And with my *treſpaſſe* neuer will diſpence,
Till *life* to death acquit my froſt offence.

I will not poison thee with my *attaint*,
Nor fold my *fault* in cleanly coyn'd excuses,
My ſable *ground* of *ſinne* I will not paint,
To hide the *truth* of this false nights abuses:
My tongue shall vtter all; mine *eyes* like *ſluces*
As from a *mountaine* ſpring that feeds a *dale*,
Shall gush pure *ſtreames* to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting *Philomele* had ended,
The well-tund *warble* of her nightly ſorrow,
And ſolemn *night* with ſlow ſad gate deſcended
To vgly Hell, when loe the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all faire *eyes* that light would borrow.
But cloudy *Lucrece* ſhames her ſelfe to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in night would cloiſtred be.

Reuealing *day* through euery *cranny* ſpies,
And ſeemes to *point* her out where ſhe ſits weeping,
To whom ſhe ſobbing ſpeakes, O eye of *eyes*,

9

Lucrece
continuing her lamentations,
diſpureth whether ſhe ſhould kill her ſelfe or no.

Why

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

why pry' st thou through my *window*? leue thy peeping
Mock with thy tickling *beames*, eies that are sleeping,
Brand not my *forehead* with thy piercing *light*,
For *day* hath nought to do whats done by *night*.

Thus cauls she with euery thing she sees,
True *griefe* is fond and restie as a *childe*,
Who way-ward once, his *mood* with nought agrees,
Old woes, not *infant sorrowes* beare them *milde*;
Continuance tames the one; the other wilde
Like an vnpractiz'd *swimmer* plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of *skill*.

So she deepe drenched in a *Sea* of *care*,
Holds disputation with each thing she viewes,
And to her selfe all *sorrow* doth compare,
No *object* but her *passions* strength renewes,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues,
Somtimes her *griefe* is dumbe and hath no *words*,
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affoords.

The little *birds* that tune their *mornings ioy*,
Make her *mones* mad with their *sweet melody*,
For mirth doth search the bottome of *anoy*,
Sad soules are slaine in merry company,
Griefe best is pleased with *grifes* societie?
True *sorrow* then is feelingly suffiz'd
When with like semblance it is *simpathiz'd*.

Tis double death to drowne in ken of *shore*,
He ten times pines, that pines beholding *food*,
To see the *salue* doth make the *wound* ake more,
Great griefe grieues most at that would do it good,
Deepe woes roule forward like a gentle *floud*.
Who being stopt, the bounding *banks* or *eflowes*,
Griefe dallied with, nor *law*, nor *limit* knowes.

You mocking *Birds* (quoth she) your *tunes* into *tombe*
With

OF LVCRECE:

Within your hollow swelling feathered *breasts*,
 And in my hearing be you euer dumbe,
 My restless *discord* loues no stops nor rests;
 A wofull *hostesse* brooks not merry guests;
 Relish your nimble *notes* to pleasing eares,
 Distresse likes *dumps* when time is kept with teares.

Come *Philomele* that singst of *rauisment*,
 Make thy sad *groue* in my disheuled *heare*,
 As the danke *earth* weepes at thy languishment,
 So I at each sad *straine* will straine a *teare*,
 And with deepe *groanes* the *Diapason* beare:
 For *burthen-wise* Ile *hum* on *Tarquin* still,
 While thou on *Terens* descants better *skill*.

And whiles against a *thorne* thou bearest thy part,
 To keepe thy shatpe *woes* waking, wretched I
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 Will fixe a sharpe *knife*, to affright mine *eye*,
 Who if it winke, shall thereon fall and die.
 These *meanes* as frets vpon an *instrument*,
 Shall tune our *heart-strings* to true languishment.

And for poore *bird* thou sing'st not in the *day*,
 As shaming any *eye* should thee behold:
 Some darke deepe *desart* seated from the *way*,
 That knowes nor parching *heat*, nor freezing *cold*
 Will we finde out: and there we will vnfold
 To *creatures* stern, sad *tunes* to change their *kinds*
 Since men prooue *beasts*, let *beasts* beare gentle
 minds.

As the poore frighted *Deere* that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly,
 Or one incompast with a winding *maze*,
 That cannot tread the *way* our readily:
 So with her selfe is she in mutinie,
 To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
 When

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

When life is sham'd and death reproches better.

To kill my selfe quoth she, alacke what were it,
But with my *body* my poore soules pollution?
They that loose *halfe* with greater patience beare it,
Then they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That *mother* tries a mercilesse conclusion
Who hauing two sweet *babs* when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My *body* or my soule, or which was the deerer?
When the one *pure*, the other made diuine,
Whose loue of either, to my selfe was nearer?
When both were kept for *Heauen* and *Colatine*
Ay me, the *barke* pild from the lofty *Pine*
His *leaves* will wither and his *sap* decay,
So must my *soule*, her *barke* being pild away.

Her *house* is sackt, her *quiet* interrupted,
Her *mansion* battered by the enemy,
Her sacred *Temple* spotted, spoild, corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy,
Then let it not be cald *impiety*
If in this blemisht fort I make some *hole*:
Through which I may conuey this troubled *soule*.

Yet die I will not till my *Colatine*
Haue heard the cause of my vntimely *death*,
That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,
Reuenge on *him* that made mee stop my breath,
My stained bloud to *Tarquin* ile bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my *Testament*.

My *honor* ile bequeath vnto the *knife*,
That wounds my *body* so dishonored:
Tis *Honor* to depriue dishonored life,
The one will liue, the other being dead,

OF LVCRECE.

So of *shames ashes* shall my *Fame* be bred:
For in my death I murder shamefull *scorne*,
My *shame* so dead, my *honor* is new borne.

Deare Lord of that deare *Jewell* I haue lost,
What *legacy* shall I hequeath to thee?
My resolution, *loue*, shall be thy best,
By whose example thou reueng'd maist be.
How *Tarquin* must be vs'd, read it in me.
My selfe thy *friend* will kill my selfe thy *foe*,
And for my sake serue thou false *Tarquin* so.

This brieft *abridgement* of my *will* I make,
My *soule* and *body* to the *skies* and *ground*,
My resolution (*Husband*) doe you take,
Mine *honor* be the *knifes* that make my *wound*,
My *shame* be his that did my *fame* confound.
And all my *fame* that liues disburled be,
To those that liue and thinke no shame of me.

Then *Colatine* shall ouersee this *will*,
How was I ouerseene that thou shalt see it?
My *bloud* shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My *lifes* foule deed my *lifes* faire end shall free it.
Faint not faint heart, but stoutly say, so be it.
Yeeld to my *band*, shall conquer thee,
Thou dead, doth die, and both shall victors be.

This *plot* of death when sadly she had laid,
And wipt the brinish *pearle* from her bright *eyes*,
With vntun'd tongue she hoarsely calld her *maid*,
Whose swift obedience to her *mistresse* hies,
For fleet-wing'd *duty* with *thoughts* feathers flies
Poore *Lucrece* cheekes vnto her *maid* sesme so,
As winter *meades* when *Sunne* doth melt their *snow*.

Her *mistresse* she doth giue demure good morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true *markes* of modesty,

so
Lucrece
resolved
to kill her
selfe, de-
termine;
first to
send her
Husband
word.

And

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

And sorts a sad looke to her *Ladies* sorrow,
 (For why her face wore *sorrowes* liuery,)
 But durst not aske of her audaciously
 Why her two *suns* were *clowd*-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her faire *cheeks* ouer washt with *woe*.

But as the *earth* doth weepe the *Sun* being set,
 Each *flower* moystned like a melting eye:
 Euen so the *maid* with swelling *drops* gan wet
 Her circled *eyne* enforc'd, by sympathy
 O those faire *Suns* set in her mistres *skie*,
 Who in a salt-wau'd *Ocean* quench their *light*,
 Which makes the *maid* weepe like the dewy *night*.

A prettie while these pretty *creatures* stand,
 Like *iuory* conduits corall *cesternes* filling:
 One iustly weepes, the other takes in hand.
 No cause, but company of her *drops* spilling,
 Their gentle *sex* to weepe are often willing,
 Griewing themselves to gesse at other *smarts*,
 And then they drown their *eyes*, or breake their
(hart)

For *men* haue marble, *women* waxen *minds*,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
 The weake opprest, th' *impression* of strange *kinds*,
 Is form'd in them by *force*, by *fraud* or *skill*.
 Then call them not the *Authors* of their *ill*,
 No more then *waxe* shall he accounted euill,
 Wherein is stamp't the semblance of a *diuelt*.

Their smothernesse like a *champaine* plaine,
 Layes open all the little *wormes* that creepe,
 In *men* as a rough growne *groue* remaine
 Cane, keeping *euils* that obscurely sleepe.
 Through chrystall *walles* ech little *mote* will peepe,
 Though *men* can couer *crimes* with bold stern *looks*
 Poore *womens* faces are their owne faults *bookes*.

No

OF LVCRECE.

No *man* inueighs against the withered *flowre*,
 But chide rough *winter* that the *flowre* hath kild,
 Not that *deuour'd*, but that which doth *deuoure*
 Is worthy blame, & let it not be held
 Poore *womens* faults, that they are so fulfild
 With mens *abuses*, those proud *Lords* to blame,
 Make weake-made *women* tenants to their *shame*.

The *president* whereof in *Lucrece* view,
 Affail'd by *night* with *circumstances* strong
 Of present *death* and *shame* that might ensue,
 By that her *death* to doe her *husband* wrong:
 Such danger to *resistance* did belong.
 The dying *feare* through all her *body* spread,
 And who cannot abuse a *body* dead?

By this *mitde* patience bid faire *Lucrece* speake
 To the poore *counterfeit* of her complaining:
 My *girle*, quoth she, on what occasion breake
 Those *teares* from thee, that down thy *cheeks* are rais'd.
 If thou dost weep for *griefe* of my sustaining, (ning
 Know gentle *wench*, it small auails my moode,
 If *teares* could helpe, mine own would do me good.

But tell me *girle*, when went (and there she staid,
 Till after a deepe *grone*) *Tarquin* from hence?
 Madam ere I was vp (repli'd the *maid*),
 The more to blame my *suggard negligence*:
 Yet with the *fault* I thus farre can dispence,
 My selfe was stirring ere the breake of *day*,
 And ere I rose was *Tarquin* gone away.

But Lady, if your *maid* may be so bold,
 She would request to know your *heauinesse*:
 O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it should be told,
 The repetition cannot make it lesse:
 For more it is then I can well expresse,

And

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

And that deep torture may be cald a Hell,
When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Goe get me hither, *paper, inke, and pen,*
Yet saue that labour for I haue them heare,
(What should I say) one of my husbands men,
Bid thou be ready by and by to beare
A Letter to my Lord, my loue, my deare,
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
The cause craues hast, and it will soone be writ.

Her maide is gone and she prepares to write,
First houering ore the *paper* with her *quill,*
Conceit and *griefe* an eager combat fight,
What *Wit* sets downe is blotted still with *will,*
This is too *curious* good, this *blunt* and *ill.*
Much like a prease of people at a dore,
Throng her inuentions which shall goe before.

At last she thus begins: Thou worthy Lord
Of that vnworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person, next vouchsafe t, afford
(If euer loue thy *L V C R E C E* thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So I commend me from our house in griefe,
My woes are tedious, though my words are brieft.

Here folds she vp the tenor of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ vncertainly,
By this short seditious Colatine may know
Her griefe, but not her griefes true quality
She dares not thereof make discouery,
Lest he should hold it her owne grosse abuse,
Ere shee with blood had staine her staine excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,
She hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,
When sighes and groanes & teares may grace the fashion
Of

OF LVCRECE.

Of her *disgrace*, the better so to cleare her
From that *suspitiō* which the world might beare her.

To shun this *blot* she would not blot the *letter*,
With words, till *action* might become them better.

To see sad *sights* moues more then *heare* them told ;
For then the *eye* interprets to the *ear*

The heavy *motion* that it doth behold

When euery part a part of *woe* doth beare :

Tis but a part of *sorrow* that we beare.

Deep *sounds* make lesser noise then shallow *fords*,

And *sorrow* ebs being blowne with wind of *words*.

Her *letter* now is seald, and on it writ,

At *Ardea* to my Lord with more than haste,

The *Post* attends and she deliuers it,

Charging the *soure fac'd groom* to high as fast

As lagging *soules* before the *Northern* blast.

Speed, more then *speed*, but dull & slow she deems,

Extremity still vrgeth such *extremes*.

The homely *villaine* curties to her lowe,

And blushing on her with a stedfast eye

Receiues the *scroll* without or yea or no,

And forth with bashfull *innocence* doth lie,

But they whose *guilt* within their *bosomes* lie,

Imagine euery eye beholds their blame,

For *Lucrece* thought he blusht to see her shame.

When silly *Groome* (God wot) it was defect

Of *spirit*, *life*, and bold *audacity*,

Such harmeless creatures haue a true respect

To talke in *deeds*, while others saucily.

Promise more speed, but doe it leasurely.

Euen so this patterne, of the worne out *age*,

Pawn'd honest *lookes* but laid no *words* to gage.

His kindled *duty* kindled her *mistrust*,

Thar

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

That two red *fires* in both their *faces* blazed,
She thought he blusht as knowing *Tarquins* lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed,
Her earnest *eye* did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his *cheeks* replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some *blemish*.

But long she thinks till he returne againe,
And yet durcous *vassall* scarce is gone,
The weary *time* she cannot entertaine,
For now tis stale to *figh*, to *weepe*, and *grone*,
So *woe* hath wearied *woe*, *more* tyred *more*,
That she her *plaints* a little while doth stay,
Pawing for *meanes* to mourne some newer way.

At last she cals to minde where hangs a *peece*
Of skilfull *painting*, made for *Priams* Troy,
Before the which is drawn the power of *Greece*,
For *Hellens* rape the *city* to destroy,
Threatning cloud-kissing *Illion* with annoy;
Which the conceited *Painter* drew so proud,
As *heauen* (it seemd) to kisse the *surreys* bowd.

A thousand lamentable *objects* there
In scorne of *Nature*, *Art* gaue *liuelesse* life:
Many a dire *drop* seemd a weeping reare,
Shed for the slaughtered *husband* by the *wife*.
The red *blood* reekd to shew the *painters* strife,
And dying *eyes* gleemd forth their ashy *lights*,
Like dying *coales* burnt out in tedious *nights*,

There might you see the labouring *Pyoner*
Begrind with *sweat*, and smeared all with *dust*,
And from the *towres* of *Troy* there would appeare
The very *eyes* of *men* through *loope-boles* thrust;
Gazing vpon the *Greekes* with little lust,
Such sweet *observance* in this worke was had,

That

OF LVCRECE.

That one might see those farre off eyes looke sad.

In great commanders, Grace and Maiesie
You might behold triumphing in their faces,
In youth quick-bearing and dexterity,
And heere and there the Painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces,
Which hartlesse peasants did so well resemble,
That one would sweare, he saw them quake and
(tremble.

In *Ajax* and *Vlysses*, O what Art
Of *Physiognomy* might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd eithers heart,
Their face, their manners most expressely told.
In *Ajax* eyes blunt rage and rigor rold.
But the mild glance that the *Vlysses* lent,
Shew'd deepe regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grane *Nestor* stand,
As, twere encouraging the *Greekes* to fight,
Making such sober action with his band,
That it beguild attention, charmd the sight,
In speech it seemd his beard, all silver white,
Wagd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie
Thin winding breath, which purld vp to the skie,

About him were a prease of gaping faces,
Which seemd to swallow vp his sound a duiſe:
All ioyntly listning, but with seuerall graces,
As if some *Mermaid* did their eares intise,
Some high, some low, the painter was so wise.
The scalpes of many almost hid behind,
To iump vp higher seemd to mocke the mind.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head,
His nose being shadowed by his neighbours eare,
Here one being throngd beares back al boln & red,
Another smotherd, seemes to pelt and sweare,

D

And

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

And in their rage such *signes* of rage they beare,
As but for losse of *Nestors* golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry *swords*.

For much imaginary worke was there;
Conceit deceitfull, so compact so kinde,
That for *Achilles* image stood his *speare*
Gript in an armed *hand*, himselfe behinde
Was left vnseen, saue to the eye of *mind*,
A *hand*, a *foote*, a *face*, a *leg*, a *head*,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the *wals* of strong besieged *Troy*,
When their braue *hope*, bold *Hector*, march'd to *field*,
Stood many *Troian* mothers sharing *ioy*,
To see their youthfull *sonnes* bright weapons wield,
And to their *hope* they such odde *action* yield,
That through their *light* *ioy* seemed to appeare,
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of *beauy* *fear*.

And from the *strond* of *Dordan* where they fought,
To *Simois* reedy *banks* the red bloud ran,
Whose *waues* to imitate the *battel* sought
With swelling *ridges*, and their *ranks* began
To breake vpon the galled *shore*, and than
Retire againe, till meeting greater *ranks*
They ioyne, and shoot their *some* at *Simois* banks.

To this well painted *peece* is *Lucrece* come,
To finde a *face* where all *distresse* is steld,
Many she sees, where *cares* haue carued *some*,
But none where all *distresse* and *delour* dweld,
Till she dispairing *Hecuba* beheld,
Staring on *Priams* wounds with her old *eyes*,
Which bleeding vnder *Pirrhus* proud *foot* lies.

In her the *Painter* had annotamiz'd
Times *ruine*, *Beauties* *wrack*, and grim *Cares* *raigne*,

Her

O F L V C R E C E .

Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disguiz'd,
Of what she was, no semblance did remaine;
Her blew bloud chang'd to black in euery vein,
VVanting the *spring* that those shrunk pipes had fed
Shew'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow *Lucrece* spends her eies,
And shapes her sorrow to the *Beldames* woes,
VWho nothing wants to answer her but cries;
And bitter words to ban her cruell foes.
The *Painter* was no *God* to lend her those;
And therefore *Lucrece* sweares he did her wrong,
To giue her so much griefe, and not a tongue.

Poore instrument (quoth she) without a sound,
Ile tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balme in *Priams* painted wound,
And raile on *Pirrus* that hath done him wrong,
And with my teares quench *Troy* that burns so long:
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the *Greeks* that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this surre,
That with my nailes her beauty I may teare:
Thy heat of lust fond *Paris* did incutre
This lode of wrath that burning *Troy* doth beare:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here.
And here in *Troy* for trespassse of thine eye,
The Sire, the Son, the Dame and Daughter die.

VWhy should the priuat pleasure of some one
Become the publike plague of many moe?
Let sinne alone committed, light alone
Vpon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltlesse soules be freed from guilty woe.
For ones offence why should so many fall?
To plague a priuat sinne in generall.

THE RAPE

Loe here weepes *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies,
 Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troilus* sounds,
 Here friend by friend in bloudy channell lies,
 And friend to friend giues vnaduis'd wounds,
 And one mans lust these many lines confounds.
 Had doting *Priam* checkt his sonnes desire,
 Troy had bin bright with *Fame*, and not with *fire*.

Here feelingly she weeps Troyer painted woes,
 For sorrow, like a heauy hanging bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his owne waight goes,
 Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell:
 So *Lucrece* set a worke, sad tales doth tell,
 To penseld pensuennesse, and colour'd sorrow,
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.
 (row.

She throwes her eyes about the painted round,
 And who she finds forlorne she doth lament:
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous lookes to *Phrygian* shepherds lent,
 His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content.
 Onward to Troy with these blunt swaines he goes,
 So mild, that patience seemd to scorne his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide deceit and giue the harmelesse show,
 An humble gate, calme lookes, eyes wailing still,
 A brow yn bent, that seemd to welcome wo,
 Cheeks, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,
 That blushing red, no guilty instance gaue,
 Nor ashy pale, the feare that false hearts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed Deuill,
 He entertain'd a shew so seeming iust,
 And therein so inconst this secret euill,
 That *Tealouffe* it selfe could not mistrust,
 False creeping craft and *Periury* should thrust

Into

OF LVCRECE.

Into so bright a *day*, such blackfac'd *stormes*,
Or blot with *bel borne* sin such *Saint-like* formes.

The well'-skild *woman* this mild *Image* drew
For periur'd *Simon*, whose enchanting *story*
The credulous old *Priam* after flew:
Whose words like *wild fire* burnt the shining glory
Of rich built *Illion*, that the *skies* were sorry,
And little *starres* shot from their fixed places,
When their *glasse* fel wherein they viewd their fa-
(*ces*.)

This picture she aduisedly *perstud*,
And chid the *Painter* for his wondrous *skill*:
Saying, some shape in *Sinons* was abusd,
So faire a *forme* lodg'd not a mind so ill,
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such *signes* of *truth* in his plaine face she spied,
That she concludes, the *picture* was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much *guile*,
(She would haue said) can lurke in such a *Looke*:
But *Tarquins* shape came in her minde the while,
And from her *tongue*, can lurke, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, she in that sense forsooke,
And turnd it thus, it cannot be I find,
But such a *face* should beare a wicked *minde*.

For euen as subrill *Simon* here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary and so milde,
(As if with *griefe* or *trauaile* he had fainted,)
To me came *Tarquin* armed to beguile
With outward honesty, but yet deuil'd
With inward *vice*: as *Priam* him did cherish,
So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Looke, looke how listning *Priam* wets his eyes
To see those borrowed *teares* that *Simon* sheds:
Priam why art thou old, and yet not *wise*?

THE RAPE

For euery *teare* he fals, a *Troyan* bleeds;
His eyes drops *fire*, no *water* thence proceeds,
Those round cleer *pearls* of his that moue thy pity
Are *bals* of quenchlesse *fire* to burne thy *City*.

Such *Diuels* steale effects from lightlesse *hell*,
For *Sinon* in his *fire* doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning *fire* doth dwell,
These *contraries* such vnity do hold,
Onely to flatter *fooles* and make them bold:
So *Priams* trust false *Sinons* teares doth flatter
That he finds meanes to burn his *Troy* with *water*.

Here all inrag'd such *passion* her assailes,
That *patience* is quite beaten from her *breast*,
She teares the sencelesse *Sinon* with her *nailes*,
Comparing him to that ynhappy *guest*,
Whose *deed* hath made her selfe, her selfe detest;
At last she smilingly with this giues ore,
Foole, foole, quoth she, his *wounds* will not be sore.

Thus *chs* and *flowes* the currant of her *sorrow*,
And *time* doth weary *time* with her complaining,
She lookes for *night*, and then she longs for *morrow*,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short *time* seems long, in *sorrowes* sharp sustaining:
Though *woe* be heavy, yet it seldome sleeps,
And they that watch, see *time* how slow it creeps.

Which all this *time* hath ouerslipt her *thought*,
That she with painted *Images* hath spent.
Being from the feeling of her owne *griefe* brought,
By deepe surmise of others *detriment*,
Loosing her *woes* in shewes of *discontent*:
It easeth some, though none it euer cured,
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull *Messenger* comes backe,
Brings

OF LVCRECE.

Brings home his Lord and other company,
 Who finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourning blacke,
 And roundabout her teare-distained eye
 Blew circles streamd, like *Rainbowes* in the skie.
 These *watergals* in her dim *Element*,
 Foretell new stormes to those already spent.

Which when her sad beholding husband saw,
 Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
 Her eies though sod in teares lookt red and raw,
 Her liuely colour kild with deadly cares,
 He hath no power to aske her how she fares,
 But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,
 And thus begins: what vncouth ill euent
 Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
 Sweet loue, what spite hath thy faire colour spent?
 Why art thou thus attird in discontent?
 Vnmaske deare deare this moody heavinesse,
 And tell thy griefe, that we may giue redresse.

Three times with sighs she giues her sorrow fire,
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
 At length addrest to answer his desire,
 She modestly peepes, to let them know
 Her Honor is tane prisoner by the Foe,
 While *Colatine* and his consoorted Lords
 With sad attention long to heare her words,

And now this pale Swan in her watry nest,
 Begins the sad Dirge of her certaine ending,
 Few words (quoth shee) shall fit the trespassse best,
 Wherein no excuse can giue the fault amending,
 In me more woes then words are now depending,
 And my laments would be drawne out too long,

Vpon Lu-
 crece sen-
 ding for
 Colatine in
 such hast,
 he with
 diuers of
 his allaies
 & friends
 returnes
 home.

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

To tell them all with one poore tired tongue,

Then be this all the *taske* it hath to say,
Deare *husband* in the interest of thy *bed*
A *stranger* came, and on that *pillow* lay,
Where thou was wont to rest thy weary *head*,
And that wrong else may be imagined,
By foule *inforcement* might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadfull *dead* of darke mid *night*,
With shining *Fauchion* in my *chamber* came
A creeping *creature* with a flaming *light*,
And softly cryed, awake thou *Romane Dame*;
And intertaine my *loue*, else lasting *shame*
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my *loues* desire doe contradict.

For some hard fauour'd *groom*e of thine, quoth he,
Vnlesse thou yoake thy *liking* to my *will*,
Ile murder straight, and then Ile slaughter thee,
And sweare I found you where you did fulfill
The loathsome act of *Lust*, and so did kill
The *Leachers* in their *deed*, this act will be
My *fame*, and thy perpetuall *infamy*.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my *heart* he sets his *sword*,
Swearing, vnlesse I tooke all patiently,
I should not liue to speake another word.
So should my *shame* still rest vpon *record*,
And neuer be forgot in mighty *Rome*
Th.^r adulterate death of *Lucrece* and her *groom*e.

My *enemy* was strong, my poore selfe *weake*,
(And farre the weaker with so strong a feare)
My bloody *Indge* forbad my *tongue* to speake,
No rightfull *plea* might plead for *Iustice* there.

His

OF LVCRECE.

His scarlet *lust* came euidence to sweare,
That my poore *beauty* had purloin'd his *eyes*;
And when the *Iudge* is rob'd, the *prisoner* dies.

O teach me how to make mine owne *excuse*,
Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde,
Though my grosse *bloud* be staind with this *abuse*,
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my *minde*,
That was not forst, that neuer was inclin'd
To accessary *yeeldings*, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet indure.

Loe here the hopelesse *Merchant* of this losse,
With *head* inclin'd, and voice dam'd vp with *woe*,
With sad set *eies* and wretched *armes* a crosse,
From *lips* new waxen pale, begins to blow
The griefe away, that stops his answer so.
But wretched as he is he striues in vaine,
What he breaths out, his breath drinks vp againe.

As through an *Arch*, the violent roaring *Tide*,
Out-runs the *eye* that doth behold his hast :
Yet in the *Edie* boundeth in his pride,
Back to the *strait* that forst him on so fast :
In *rage* sent out, recald in *rage* being past;
Euen so his *feets*, his *sorrowes* make a law,
To push *griefe* on and back the same *griefe* draw.

Which speechlesse *woe* of his poore she attendeth,
And his vntimely *frenzie* thus awaketh,
Deare *Lord*, thy sorrow to my *sorrow* lendeth
Another *power*, no *floud* by raining flaketh,
My *woe* too sensible thy *passion* maketh
More feeling painfull, let it then suffice
To drowne one *woe*, one paire or weeping *eyes*.

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,
For she that was thy *Lucrece*, now attend me,

Be

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

Be suddenly reuenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his owne, suppose thou dost defend me
 From what is past, the *helpe* that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the *Traytor* die :
 For sparing *Iustice* feeds *iniquity*.

But ere I name him, you faire *Lords*, quoth she,
 (Speaking to those that came with *Colatine*)
 Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me,
 With swift pursute to venge this *wrong* of mine,
 For tis a meritorious faire *designe*,
 To chase *Iniustice* with reuengefull *armes*,
Knights by their *oaths* should right poore *Ladies*
 (harms.

Vpon the relation
 of *Lucrece*
 her rape,
Collatine
 and the
 rest swere
 to reuēge
 but this
 seems not
 full satisf-
 faction to
 her losses.
 She kil-
 leth her
 self to ex-
 asperate
 them the
 more to
 punish the
 delin-
 quent.

At this request, with noble disposition,
 Each present *Lord* began to promise aid,
 As bound in *knighthood* to her imposition,
 Longing to heare the hatefull *foe* bewraid,
 But she that yet her sad *task* hath not said,
 The *protestation* stops. O speake quoth she,
 How may this forced *staine* be wipt from me ?
 What is the *qualitie* of mine offence,
 Being constrain'd with dreadfull *circumstances*?
 May my pure *mind* with the foule *act* dispence,
 My low declined *honour* to aduance ?
 May any *terms* acquit me from this *chance*?
 The poysoned *fountaine* cleares it selfe againe,
 And why not I from this compelled *staine*?
 With this they all at once began to say,
 Her bodies *staine*, the *minde* vntainted cleares,
 While with a ioylesse *smile* she turnes away
 The *face*, that *map* which deepe impression beares
 Of hard *misfortune* caru'd it in with *teares*.
 No no, quoth she, no *Dame* hereafter liuing,
 By my *excuse* shall claime excuses giuing.

Here

OF LVCRECE.

Here with a *sigh*, as if her *heart* would breake,
She throwes forth *Tarquins* name. he, he, she saies :
But more then he, her poore tong could not speake;
Till after many accents and *delaies*,
Vntimely *breathings*, sick and short *assaies*,
She vtters this, he, he, faire *Lord*, tis he
That guides this *hand* to give this wound to me.

Even here sheath'd in her harmelesse *breast*
A harmefull *knife*, that thence her *soule* vntheathed,
That *blow* did bayle it from the deepe vnrest
Of that polluted *prison* where it breathed,
Her contrite *sighs* vnto the *clouds* bequeathed,
Her winged *spright*, and through her *wounds* doth
Lifes lasting date from cancel'd *destiny*. (flie

Stone still, astonisht with this deadly *deed*,
Stood *Colatine* and all his *Lordly* crue.
Till *Lucrece* father that beholds her bleed,
Himselfe, on her self-slaughtered *body* threw,
And from the purple fountaine *Brutus* drew
The *murderous knife*, and as it left the *place*,
Her *bloud* in poore reuenge, held it in chase.

And bubling from her *breast*, it doth diuide
In two slow *riuers*, that the crimson *bloud*
Circles her *body* in on euery side,
Who like a late *sackt Island* vastly stood
Bare and vnpeopled in this fearefull *flood*.
Some of her *blood* still pure and red remaind
And some lookt *black* and that false *Tarquin* staind.

About the mourning and congealed *face*
Of that black *blood*, a watry *rigoll* goes,
Which seemes to weepe vpon the tainted *place*;
And euer since a pitying *Lucrece* woes,
Corrupted *bloud* some watry *token* shoves,

And

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

And *bloud* vntainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here depriued,
If in the *childe* the *fathers* image lies,
Where shall I liue now *Lucrece* is vnliued?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriued.
If *children* praedecease *Progenitours*,
We are their *off-spring* and they none of *ours*,

Poore broken *glasse*, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance, my old *age* new borne,
But now that faire fresh *mirrour* dim and old,
Shewes me a barebon'd death by *time* out-worne,
O from my cheeks my *image* thou hast torne,
And shiuerd all the beauty from my *glasse*,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O *time* cease thou thy *course* and hast no longer,
If thou surcease to be that should suruiue:
Shall rotten *death* make conquest of the stronger,
And leaue the foultring feeble *soules* alieue?
The old *Bees* die, the yong possesse their *hieu*,
Then liue sweet *Lucrece*, liue againe and see
Thy *father* die, and not thy *father* thee,

By this starts *Colatine* as from a *dreame*,
And bids *Lucretius* giue his *sorrow* place,
And then in *Key* cold *Lucrece* bleeding streame
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his *face*,
And counterfeits to die with her a space.
Till manly *shame* bids him possesse his *breath*,
And liue to be reuenged on her *death*.

The deepe vexation of his inward *soule*,
Hath seru'd a dumb arrest vpon his *tongue*,
Who made that *sorrow* should his vse controule,

OF LVCRECE.

Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
Weak words so thick comes in his poore hearts aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plaine,
But through his teeth as if his name he tore,
This windy tempest till it blow vp raine,
Held back his sorrowes tide to make it more.
At last it raines, and busie winds giue ore:
Then sonne and father weep with equall strife,
VVho should weepe most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her *his*, the other *his*,
Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.
The father saies shes mine, O mine she is,
Replies her husband; doe not take away
My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say
He weepes for her, for she was onely mine,
And onely must be waild by Colatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did giue that life
Which she too early and too late hath spild.
VVoe, woe, quoth Colatine, she was my wife,
I owed her, and tis mine that she hath kil'd.
My daughter and my wife with clamors filld
The disperst aire, who holding Lucrece life,
Answered their cries; my daughter and my wife.

Brutus who pluckt the knife from Lucrece side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to cloath his wit in state and pride.
Burying in Lucrece wound his follies show:
He with the Romanes was esteemed so,
As feely icering ideots are with kings,
For sportiue words, and vttering foolish things.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,
VVherein

Shakespeare, W.

22351

THE RAPE

Wherein the policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long hid wits aduisedly
To check the teares in *Colatinus* eyes,
Thou wronged Lord of *Rome*, quoth he, arise,
Let my vnfound selfe suppose a foole,
Now set thy long experienst wit to schoole,

Why *Colatine*, is woe the cure for woe;
Doe wounds help wounds, or grieve helpe grieuous
Is it reuenge to giue thy selfe a blow (deeds?
For his foule Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?
Such childish humor from weake minds proceeds,
Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,
To slay her selfe, that should haue slaine her Foe.

Couragious *Romane* doe not sleepe thy heart
In such lamenting dew of lamentations,
But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,
To rouse our *Roman Gods* with inuocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
(Since *Rome* her self in them doth stand disgraced)
By our strong arms from forth her faire streets cha-
(sed.

Now by the *Capitoll* that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so vniustly stained,
By beaue's faire sun that breeds the fat earths store,
By all our country rites in *Rome* maintained,
And by chaste *Lucrece* soule that late complained
Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloody knife,
We will reuenge the death of this true wife.

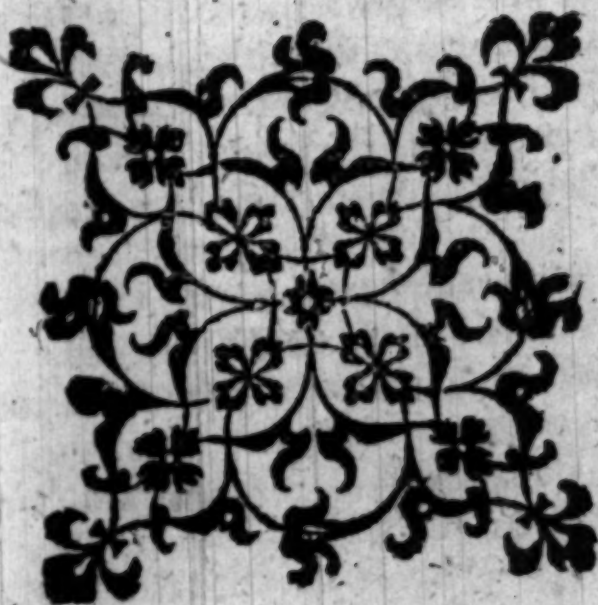
This said, he strooke his hand vpon his breast,
And kist the fatall knife to end his vow:
And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,
Who wondring at him did his words allow:
Then ioyntly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deepe vow which *Brutus* made before,
He

OF LVCRECE.

He doth againe repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworne to this advised doome,
They did conclude to beare dead *Lucrece* thence
To shew the bleeding *body* throughout *Rome*,
And so to publish *Tarquins* foule offence;
Which being done, with speedy dilligence,
The *Romaines* plausibly did give consent,
To *Tarquins* euerlasting banishment.

FINIS.



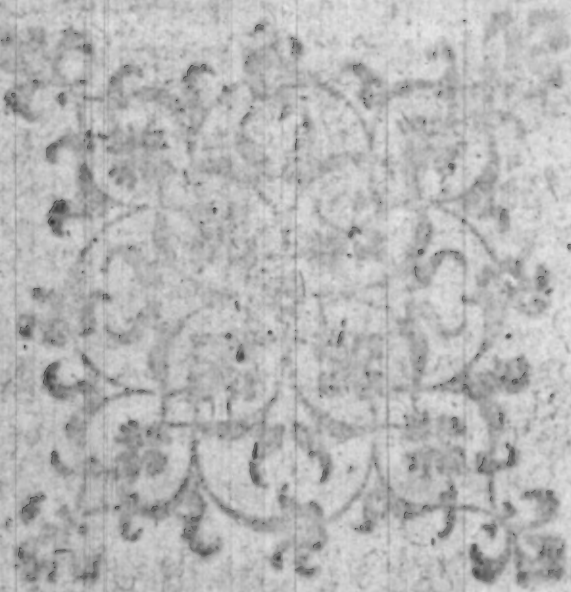
Shakespeare, W.

22351

ON FACIES

The first of these is the
facies of the rock, which
is the result of the
processes of weathering
and erosion. The second
is the facies of the
strata, which is the
result of the processes
of deposition and
consolidation. The third
is the facies of the
minerals, which is the
result of the processes
of crystallization and
metamorphism.

PLATE I.



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Shakespeare, W.